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03x03 - Doctors of Dickology

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **03/28/03 13:21**

[Babylon. A crowded dancefloor. In the middle we see Brian who gets sucked by a trick. Nobody seems to care.]

[Michael with the laundry. A old geezer cruising on him. After the end of the program Michael bend over, thinks of it and turns around that the old man cannot watch his butt. After that in Michaels flat.]

Michael: I lost a sock and a pair of shorts but I will not get down to the kripmaster. Ben?

[Ben siting at the couch and reading.]

Ben: Uh, yeah?

Michael: I've said there was this guy down... [no answer] This incredible hot guy and I was bending over to my laundry after the dryer. And he ripped off my pants and f*cked the sh*t out of me.

Ben: Uh huh.

[Michael goes to the couch and throws on his lap.]

Ben: Hey, what are you doin'?

Michael: I'm reading the newspaper and... oh, the house market?

Ben: Yeah, I'm looking for an apartment, Michael.

Michael: You already have an apartment. Complete with compliences and floors and a built new boyfriend.

Ben: I think it is the best with my own place.

Michael: Yeah, but I think it is the best that you stay.

[He kisses him.]

Ben: Are you sure you wouldn't be here rather with Brian?

[Michael thinks of it - cut to Brian, who's getting a blowjob in Babylon. And cut back to Michael]

Michael: Well, I have to admit, it is tempting... but then I would miss out on all this pre-succing, spin-dry and not to mention having the hottest man in Pittsburgh they have my fluffing.

[With that Michael drags Ben to lying at the Couch, he took his glasses off.]

[Cut to the loft, the next day. Lindsay and Gus are there.]

Brian: "Happy Carneval"? Are you out of your f*cking mind?

Lindsay: I like to think not.

Brian: After the way they screw me don't you think I help the center to selfdistruct.

Lindsay: Well that's exactly what might happen when we don't boosed our cooperated sponsorship and raise a hundred thousand.

Brian: That's not my problem.

[A naked trick is walking around the loft. Lindsay hems and hold her hand to Gus eyes.]

Lindsay: Anything else here here that I should about?

Brian: Hopefully not before I do.

Lindsay: Look, it may be not your problem - but it is a very big problem for a lot of members of our community and the A*DS hospiz and homless teeny shelter. All I'm asking is for you volunteer a few hours of your time to help organized this fundraiser. Maybe call a few of our clients and see if they're willing to tribute.

Brian: I don't do volenteer work.

Lindsay: Oh thanks a lot Brian. I'll hope I didn't keep for from attending more important things.

[Lindsay looks in the bedroom and see the tricks reading. But Brian looks at the computer to a car website.]

Brian: However, the center had to come more... minimal agree?

[Lindsay presents Brian's proposal to the GLC.]

Philip: There is no way we're working with him.

Tannis: It's out of question.

Lindsay: I understand your reluctance to get involved. However, if he's willing to put himself - I said we should do the same.

Tannis: Just what exactly is Mr.Kinney offering to do?

Lindsay: Organized the event, bringing co-operate sponsorship...

Philip: I said we're doin' fine without him.

Lindsay: If you call selling 40 tickets doin' fine. Brian's put together a proposing to give the carneval a big new event. He also contact a few of his clients. And they agree to sponsor the event and match any funds we raise up to 100.000 dollars.

[Both look at each other and smiles.]

Tannis: Please extend to Mr.Kinney, the center is grated to devore of volunteer his time and efford.

Lindsay: Well, he's not exactly volunteering. He wants 20% of the top.

Philip: He expects us to pay him? For fundraising?

Tannis: Is he kidding?

Lindsay: His feeling is "would he have rather 100% of nothing or 80% of more than you ever f*cking dreamed of"?

[So Brian gets his new car - or his new old car - it's a classic.]

Brian: So, what do you think? Can I buy it?

Michael: $30,000 is a lot of money for an old car.

Brian: It's not old - it's a classic.

Michael: It's a high plan for paying it.

Brian: Unless you cash.

Michael: That's a seizable juck of change for a boyfriend replacement therapy.

Brian: I don't have a boyfriend. I've never had a boyfriend.

Michael: Right. Then it must be a midlife crisis.

Brian: I'm only thirty...

Michael: One.

Brian: And since I'm planning of being death by the time of thirty-nine that's my way to do it.

Michael: Yeah, I'll be sure to remind you by the time on your 60.birthday.

Brian: C'mon, Mikey, relief now and be home by midnight.

Michael: No f*cking way! Ben nearly move out because of you.

[Michael gets out of the car. Brian drives away.]

[At the diner. Carl eats sweets and Debbie watches him.]

Carl: Is that look for longing for me or for the cream?

Debbie: Wouldn't you like to know?

Carl: Want the last bite?

Debbie: Hell no. I have actually a waist. Or haven't you noticed?

Carl: Oh, I've noticed.

Debbie: And...?

Carl: And it's looking good. Real good. [he leans forward and kisses her.]

Man: C'mon, Deb!

Debbie: Um, orders up.

Carl: I'll see you friday?

Debbie: Yeah, I'll serve a lane...

Carl: What do you say we skip the bowling this week - maybe have a litte dinner?

Debbie: Friday is a three grams of fish in four pounched of steam keal.

Carl: Hmm, my favourite. Afterwards we could watch tv.

Debbie: Yeah, well the...the... sec downstairs are in the frits. The only one who's working is the one in my bedroom.

Carl: I know.

[Both laughing. Debbie gets the orders and serves to Emmett and Ted.]

Ted: So, Deb, what's it like doin' with a cop?

Emmett: Does he connect to strip search?

Ted: Hank-off over the bed?

Emmett: Or curious things...?

Debbie: Do you know what MYOB stands for? Mind your own f*cking business.

[she goes away.]

Ted: Should there be an F in there?

Emmett: Hmmm.

[Brian comes in. He goes over to Justin, who's cleaning some desk.]

Brian: I have a proposition. [Justin gives him a look.] A business proposition.

Justin: What'd you have in mind?

Brian: A poster. Something hot and brilliant. And something by tomorrow.

(Justin gives him a dubious look)

Brian: I wouldn't ask you if I didn't think you could do it.

Justin: And if you weren't desperate.

Brian: Yeah, that too.

Justin: What's it for?

Brian: It's for the Center carnival.

Justin: (laughing) You f*cking hate the Center!

Brian: Not when they're paying me. So how much do you want?

Justin: It's for a good cause, so it's free.

Brian: Christ, didn't I teach you anything?

Justin: $500.

Brian: $200.

Justin: $500, take it or leave it.

Brian: I like the way you do business.

[Mel and Lindsay's home.]

Lindsay: [speechless] You had the procedure?

Mel: Like you've said that was no big deal. He did it in the office, zapp me with the laser a couple of ditches...

Lindsay: You should have told me, I'd have come.

Mel: I had something to do with my own... like bungee jumping.

Lindsay: I hope that's not next.

Mel: I mean, face my fear, head on and hope I splat.

Lindsay: And did you land splat?

Mel: Everything is fine. He said I can get pregnant right away.

Lindsay: Oh, Mel.

[Lindsay umbrace her.]

Mel: I guess you're right - I was just using it as an excuse.

Lindsay: It doesn't matter.

Mel: It matters a lot because I want to be the one who carry our next child.

Lindsay: Are you sure?

[Mel nods]

Lindsay: So we could a little Melanie?

Mel: Or Melvin.

Lindsay: By next christmas.

Mel: Now we have to do is the pick up a donate.

Lindsay: I thoughed we already had one.

Mel: There is no f*cking way - Brian Kinney's f*cking sperma come into me.

Lindsay: I speak from experience.

Mel: Well, after all that grief he cost us? We are not make the same mistake twice.

Lindsay: I understand exactly how your feel. But what if something happen to us? A fatal accident...

Mel: Bungee jumping?

Lindsay: I am serious! At least our kids have the same father.

Mel: Oh, some father - a selfish, promiscuous... who know if he is negative?

Lindsay: Whoever it is he have to be tested. But think of Gus - allways there to write a check, put up a swing set, safe our wedding from desaster - honestly Mel, he's not the old Brian, he's changed, bottom line. Without him our kids wouldn't be related.

[The boys are doing sit-ups at the gym.]

Ted: Who's the hottie?

Michael: My boyfriend.

Ted: The other hottie?

Emmett: Uh, looks like Tarzan.

Brian: Sounds like Jane. He use steroids as he can.

Emmett: Steroids?

Brian: Yeah, surprise there is no second as*h*le.

Debbie: Not to mention mood swings and his ba*ls shrings.

[The boys - especiall Michael are shocked to see Debbie here.]

Michael: Ma, what are you doin' here?!

Debbie: Same thing you are.

Brian: Cruising for a blowjob?

Debbie: Jesus Ma, you already go to the same bars, the same clubs I do. Now you even come to the same gym!? Can't I have one place in the world that is my own?

Debbie: So you want to be my workout buddies?

[Horrified Michael gets up and leaves. Ted, Emmett and Debbie go on the treadmills together.]

Emmett: Looking good, girl!

Ted: Your privat d*ck things too.

Debbie: I told you I have no intention to turning the most intimate tales of my personal life in gym gossip like you, g*y guys.

Ted: In other workd - you haven't done it yet.

Debbie: It doesn't because he is not interested. It's just in a while since I worked out. I didn't want to disappoint him.

Ted: Well, if anyone knows how to please your man - it's Em.

Emmett: Hush. All you need is a little refresher course. And who better instruct you than Professors Honeycutt and Schmidt?

Ted: Doctors of dickology.

[In the locker room Michael goes carefully in - looks everywhere.]

Michael: She's not in here, isn't she?

Ben: Who?

Michael: My mother.

Ben: It's the men's locker room.

Michael: You'll think that'll stop her?

Man#1: Full hour in the court and I'm look a pound.

Man#2: Hey Ben.

Ben: Hey, how's goin'?

Man#2: Good.

Man#1: Remember those 5 minutes in the 90s where everyone want to put up weight because there meant to be dying? At least we're not goin' to that g*dd*mn hospice - talk about depressing.

Ben: So, who's in there, Paul?

Man#1: Uh, didn't you hear? He died last night.

[Cut to Justin and Ethan. Justin working at the computer.]

Ethan: [to the phone] Alright, I'll be there. Even if it means incurring Ishigura's wrath for not practicing my Bartok. I'll don't know, I ask him. [to Justin] Hey Jus, my friend Callie wants to know if my imaginary lover will be there?

Justin: Tell them I'd rather eat sh*t and die.

Ethan: [to the phone] He says he'd can't wait to meet you. Yeah, I'll talk to you later. [he hangs up] Now why do you have to be so antisocial?

Justin: I'm not antisocial. I just can't stand people!

Ethan: C'mon, you have a great time.

Justin: Chatting and failing about abandoned film in a room full of strangers?

Ethan: Oh my god you're a bigger f*cking snop than I am. That's why I love you. What's this?

Justin: It's a poster I'm working on for a charity event.

Ethan: I wish somebody would throw a benefit for us.

Justin: Actually, I'm getting paid.

Ethan: Like, as in dollars?

Justin: As in $500.

Ethan: No sh*t, how did you swing that?

Justin: Someone I know.

Ethan: (laughs) Oh, someone you know! Someone we both know?

Justin: (defensively) He needed an artist.

Ethan: And even though he works with dozens of them every day in his office, he miraculously thought of you.

Justin: Maybe he thought I was the best qualified for the job.

Ethan: Or maybe he's just trying to win you back.

Justin: He can try all he wants. What makes you think I would ever go?

Ethan: Oh, I don't know, he's rich, he's gorgeous, he can make cash magically appear?

Justin: f*ck the money. f*ck him. I want to be with you.

Ethan: Prove it.

Justin: I'm not gonna prove it.

Ethan: C'mon.

Justin: How do I love the 'Let-me-count-the-ways'

Ethan: Oh, you can do better than that.

[With that he tosses Ethan at the bed and give him a blowjob.]

[At the bar in Woody's.]

Mel: No, this ones is one me.

Brian: So, what do you want this time?

Lindsay: We've decided to give Gus a sipling.

Brian: And when we gonna do this? We have 2 hours.

Lindsay: Oh, not now!

Brian: Well, when did you want it?

Lindsay: I don't.

Mel: There a slight change of plans - I'm going to be the one to carry out our next child.

Brian: [laughs] You!? I thoughed you can't have one.

Mel: I had intrometriosis.

Lindsay: But she's cured.

Brian: There is a lord.

Lindsay: So, what do you say?

Brian: It's impossible. Besides, I agreed to inseminate you, not your husband.

Lindsay: But if you choose someelse our kid won't be related.

Brian: Have you ever meet my sister? That's not much of an argument.

Lindsay: But we had a deal!

Brian: You were the ones who changed the terms.

[Brian gets up and walks out.]

Mel: I'd say that went well!

[Private coaching time with Professor Honeycut and Professor Schmidt - and alot of dildos.]

Debbie: Jesus Christ! Do you realised that people eat here?

Emmett: There all fresh new.

Ted: And picked from the pleasure boutice.

Debbie: I just want to sleep with the guy not drill for oil.

Emmett: Well that's why we brough these things to help you arceive the goal. Which would you say most resembles to Detective Horvath?

Debbie: How the hell would I know!? I've only kissed him. Now put those things away.

Ted: Not so fast. Now, you ask for our help and that's why we've come to teach you...

Emmett: The Art of Oral Sex.

Ted: We're gonna shared with you secrets only g*y men knows.

Emmett: Techniques passed down from generation to generation since time in memorial.

Ted: Once you've passed the course we're guarantee Horvath will forever guard you. Now, shall we begin?

Emmett: All right, let us relaxed the jaw, rotating first c*ck, than counter c*ck, now wag the tongue.

Ted: Next grab the shaft firmly with your right hand and creating a velvet wise.

Emmett: Now open wide, being sure to cover your teeth allowed a smooth and unextracted entry.

Debbie: Boys you know I love you - but I need to ask you one question. ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR f*cking MINDS!? There is no way I'm gonna do this.

Ted: There are parties in Beverly Hills where housewife pay thousand bucks a head...

Emmett: So a week.

Ted: To learn what we're teaching you for free.

Emmett: Debbie, you're gonna make Horvath happy, don't you?

Debbie: Sure I do.

Ted: And do you have a good time yourself?

Emmett: So what's the harm to do it the right way?

[She spit out her gum, grab a small dildo, but the boys shake their heads. She take the biggest dildo at the table.]

[In front of the liberty diner. Ben sitting on a bench, smoking. Michael comes from the diner.]

Michael: Here, I have chili - you wanna get?

Ben: Thank you. I am allright.

Michael: I'm sorry.

Ben: For what?

Michael: For Paul. For you.

Ben: I didn't expect that so soon. If I'd known, I would gonna see him more often.

Michael: You were busy.

Ben: Right. It's always an excuse not to visit someone you'd shared for life with, your bed.

Michael: I'm sure he would understood. And forgave you the same way you forgave him.

Ben: Why am I so g*dd*mn angry at him right now? For getting it, for giving it to me. For not even bothering to take care of himself or watch what he ate. I would tell him nutrition is essential. And exercise, you gotta build up your muscle mass. But it was as if once he knew he had it, he figured I'm gonna die anyway so what the hell difference does it make?

Michael: Luckily, you're not like that.

Ben: Riiiight!

Michael: You do everything you're supposed to do, everything you could possibly do

Ben: And in spite of everything, I still end up in the hospital. Maybe he's right, maybe it doesn't matter.

Michael: It does matter! The most important - you have to believe it does.

[Michael wants to kiss him, but Ben reluctant.]

[Horvath has dinner at Debbie's.]

Debbie: More meat?

Carl: No, three gams and I've stuffed.

Debbie: Now I have fruit for desert - I dunno if there's so excited.

Carl: With you in the room what could be?

Debbie: I'll get the fruit.

[she stands up, but Carl leads Debbie at his lap.]

Carl: Forget the fruit - I'll got a better idea.

Debbie: I'm too heavy.

Carl: Your beautiful.

Debbie: I'll have a confession to make. I'm a little nervous.

Carl: About what?

Debbie: About this. I wanna be with you - it's just it's been a long time.

Carl: How long?

Debbie: Last century.

Carl: Don't worry about it. I'll promised to be gentle. Maybe I'll teach you a few things.

[They kiss each other.]

[Cut to the loft. Brian is examining Justin's poster. Justin is standing tensely, arms folded across his chest, halfway across the room.]

Brian: The expression on his face needs to be more enticing, but more foreboding. "Enter at your own risk; prepare to be f*cked."

Justin: I think I can manage that.

Brian: You could probably get a better view if you stood a little closer.

[Justin moves in closer, standing next to Brian.]

Brian: And his hips need to be more in profile to accentuate his c*ck.

Justin: It's always about sex!

Brian: Unless it's about death, but death doesn't sell tickets.

[Enter Michael.]

Michael: I've picked up Chinese food. I didn't know it was for three.

Justin: I was just goin. We're done, right?

Brian: Right. How much do I owe you?

Michael: Foods on me.

Brian: In that case allow me to supply the other things.

[Later, after the dinner and with a joint. They giggle as they read the old schoolbook.]

Brian: It just goes to show all life is a lesson.

Michael: That's what Ben always says. His ex, Paul, the one who infected him, died.

Brian: What a wonderful world. You'd have to be nuts or a selfish piece of sh*t to want to bring a child into it.

Michael: You did.

Brian: I'm sure as hell not to do it again, especially not for Melanie. She can go to a sperm bank.

Michael: [giggle] Or scrape it off of the floor of the backroom at Babylon!

Brian: Just give me one valid reason why any q*eer in his right mind would want to bring a kid into this world.

Michael: [long pause] To piss off straight people!

[Cut again to Deb/Horvath apres-sex.]

Debbie: You are not disappointed, are you?

Carl: Disappointed? I amazed.

Debbie: Really?

Carl: Escapially after all that lips and and how nervous you are.

Debbie: What's that mean?

Carl: Oh, nothing.

Debbie: Don't do be nothing after a remark like that.

Carl: Let's just say no-one can do just you with a little practise. From the way your... you know, lady, you could teach a class. [laughs]

Debbie: Is that so?

Carl: In fact I've heart from Beverly Hills - they charge a thousand dollars for...

Debbie: But I was telling you the truth. This is the first time in years that I...

Carl: Yeah, sure. Whatever.

Debbie: You don't believe me? Well that's just f*cking bad. Now you better take your suspicions and your suspendors and remove your butt from my bed!

Carl: Baby?

Debbie: NOW! OUT! GET OUT!

[Brian and Justin are walking along Liberty Avenue.]

Brian: Here's your fee. Plus a hundred dollars bonus for finishing on time.

Justin: Thanks.

Brian: And here's two tickets for tonight. One for you and one for Ethan.

[Ethan comes along and kisses Justin.]

Brian: I just admiring your boyfriend lastest creation.

Ethan: An artist does his best work when he has somebody he loves to inspire him.

Brian: So I've been told.

Justin: We should go.

Brian: See you tonight.

Justin: Oh, Brian gave us two tickets to the center carneval.

Ethan: I'm sure it would be a blast but we're already had our plans.

Brian: Oh well, you can change your mind - your names are on the list.

[Justin and Ethan walk off arm in arm, Brian watches them.]

[At the diner, Debbie with Ted and Emmett.]

Debbie: The special today is the d*ck of Death. Food long, hot dog, creamy sauce on the side - don't make me repeat it.

Both: Two specials.

Emmett: Wait, wait, wait. So, how was it?

Ted: Yeah, should your professor should give you a A?

Debbie: Yeah, for as*h*le. Cause that is all your fault.

Emmett: Well, he wasn't pleased?

Ted: Impossible. I've defight any male, living or dead, not to response our tested technique.

Emmett: Provided you follow our instructions.

Debbie: Oh, I followed them. He responded every flick.

Ted: Since so what's the problem?

Debbie: The problem is he thinks I'm a wh*re!

Emmett: I'm so proud!

Debbie: Well, I never see him again.

[At the other table, Melanie's doin some work at a list of names.]

Mel: What about A73? 6'2", blue eyes and a menta?

Lindsay: Is that what you really want?

[Brian comes up with come cream.]

Brian: c*ck cream? It's fresh from the morning. I've melked myself.

[Lindsay giggles, but Mel didn't like it.]

Mel: That's disgusting.

Lindsay: [laughs] It's really disgusting.

Brian: b*tches are offering some hand. That's offering to do.

Lindsay: Wait, do you really mean it?

Brian: Yeah, if it's a boy you can name it "Brian jr."

Mel: And if it's a girl?

Brian: Charity in honor of my donation. C'mon, let's go piss off some heterosexuals!

[Cut to Ben busting a*s at the gym, lifting weights like a maniac. Later he approaches Tarzan in the locker room.]

Ben: Hey, I was wondering if you could me some help?

Troy: You always brought some.

Ben: Actually it's got more nutrition.

Troy: Come with me.

[Ted and Emmett go to the police station.]

Emmett: Excuse us. Detective Horvath?

Carl: What...uh... can I do for you, boys?

Emmett: Uh, a dear friend of ours is in a little bit of trouble.

Ted: Seems last night... a oral misscommunication accured?

Carl: [to his partners] You haven't some work to do? What's the hell is all this about?

Ted: Look, Debbie told us that you had sex, or some heterosexual permutation there of.

Carl: Jesus Christ, why you hanging it on the billboard? What we're doin in our bed isn't your business.

Emmett: Actually it is. See, Debbie was worried that she wouldn't live up your expectations.

Ted: That she let you down. So, we gave her a crash course.

Emmett: Introduction of fellatio one-on-one.

Ted: Emmett's the worlds theorities.

Emmett: Anyway, young Deborah passed with honors...

Ted: Magnacum laudly.

Emmett: In fact she did so well you apparently...

Ted: ...missguided her.

Emmett: And think she's a sl*t. The truth is, detective, we're the sluts.

Ted: Speak for yourself. Look, under all that dirty talk Debbie is just an old fashion girl who's only cry was only to please her man.

[Cut to the party. Justin is bored witless.]

Boy#1: Remember certain final is out of competition.

Ethan: Pook Marta, she's astonishing talent but terrified to perform.

Girl#1: And there is Georgio, musican at his best.

Ethan: Yeah, but he put in front of audience and they dead.

Girl#1: You my dear has nothing to worry about it.

[Later. Justin smokes. Ethan goes to him.]

Ethan: Having fun?

Justin: Yeah, it's great.

Ethan: Liar.

Justin: No, your friends are really smart and funny. I guess I'm just nervous, that's all.

Ethan: Don't be! You're with me!

[He kisses Justin. One of Ethan's friends walks up.]

Boy#2: So this is the imaginary boyfriend. Ethan tells me you're an artist.

Justin: That's right.

Boy#2: What kind of stuff do you do?

Justin: Lately I've been manipulating classical form with digital imagery.

Boy#2: So you're not just a pretty face.

Justin: No. I got a pretty big c*ck as well. And I give one hell of a blowjob. Right Ethan?

[Cut to Babylon and the Carnival.]

Man: Welcome to Carnival! Start with the butthole bingo. Whip-o-rama! And flaming dildo!

[At butthole bingo - the guy take the ba*ls up in his a*s and throw some out. Kinda new form of lottery.]

Man: B-13

[The GLC people are appalled.]

Brian: Of 800 people are waiting to get in.

Lindsay: Jesus Brian.

Tannis: What is all this?

Man: I-19.

Brian: This is butthole bingo. And that is the remarkable gift of that young man.

Tannis: That was not on the proposal you've submitted.

Brian: Yeah, I took a few liberties.

Philip: This was supposed to give a positive g*y image. What kind of message do you think we're sending here?

Brian: That all man created horny and it's ok.

Mel: You really gone to far.

Brian: Yeah well in any consulation to me, we're making 10k out of his a*s.

Man: O-69.

[At Ethan's party. Justin wants to leave.]

Justin: I'm gonna take-off.

Ethan: Well, already?

Justin: Yeah, I'm beat.

Ethan: Alright, I'll go with you.

Justin: No, you can stay here. I see you at home.

Ethan: You sure?

Justin: Yeah.

Ethan: OK, love you.

Justin: You too.

[They kiss goodbye and Justin leaves.]

[At Debbie's home. Carl knocks at Debbies door.]

Carl: Can I come in?

[Debbie says no word. She goes inside. They sit at the kitchen table.]

Carl: You just finishing dinner?

Debbie: I just starting. Three pounds of chicken, four pounds of lemon meat.

Carl: Is that enough to keep up your stress?

Debbie: Right, I have ten blowjobs to give before I'm done.

Carl: I wish you wouldn't talk like that.

Debbie: So experts talk.

Carl: Yeah, I know. Two guys came to the police station today. That tall switch twink...

Debbie: Emmett?

Carl: And the one who looks like an accountand.

Debbie: Ted.

Carl: They explain all about your... education. How you went to the head of the class.

Debbie: Well Emmett's get a big mouth. What else did they tell ya?

Carl: That you did it for me. To please me.

Debbie: I wouldn't do that for just anyone, you know?

Carl: I know. Do you have any idea what that mean to me that you want to give me a pleasure that much?

Debbie: I though that would people do when they care about each other.

Carl: Which is why I enlisted detective carefully. There are two lesbians and they told me a little crash course of my own.

Debbie: No!

Carl: Oh yeah.

Debbie: And how did go?

Carl: It was very informative. In fact if you care to retire to the bootwar I have a homework assignment to do.

[Back to Brian's Filthy Carnival. Ted and Emmett try to throw some ring about a dildo. Ted succeeded.]

Michael: You have the perfect aim.

Ted: Yeah, expect the morning when I have to pee. Oh, this is for you.

Emmett: My hero.

Michael: That reminds me of Ben.

Ted: It's too bad he couldn't come to Brians Filthy Carnival.

Michael: He's still bumped out about Paul.

[At spot Ben comes in, in a really good mood.]

Michael: What are you doin' here?

Ben: I though there might be surprises.

[Home with the lesbians from the carnival.]

Mel: Changed my a*s. Brian's still the same irresponsible f*ck he always was.

Lindsay: On the other hand he did the center almost a hundred thousand...

Mel: Yeah and humiliated them in the process.

Lindsay: That didn't stop them from accepting the money.

Mel: So it is a good reminder.

Lindsay: Of what?

Mel: That he is a loose cannon, not to be trusted. And definately not that kind of person I want as the father of my child.

Lindsay: Oh, c'mon!

Mel: I am serious.

Lindsay: No, you've been ridiculous.

Mel: You actually expected me to have a baby with someone like that?

Lindsay: I did.

Mel: Well, that was your decision. This one is mine and I say - I want someone else.

[Back to the carnvial. Justin walks in. Brian spots him immediately.]

Brian: You made it.

Justin: Thought I'd see how it was going.

Brian: Where's Ian?

Justin: Ethan. He's with his friends

Brian: You should've brought him.

Justin: No, I don't think so.

Brian: Maybe he would've learned a few things they don't teach in college.

[half naked guy sidles up to Brian]

Justin: Guess I'd better go.

Brian: Tell him that we've missed him.

[Outside Babylon, a guy is sitting on Brian's new car.]

Brian: You want to move your a*s?

Guy: A cool car.

Brian: Thanks.

Guy: I always want to have one.

Brian: No sh*t.

Guy: Most have cost a lot.

Brian: Actually it was a charity contribution. You want to take you for a ride?

Guy: I like that.

[They get in and drive away.]

Music:

Infra Riot -

The Soundtrack of Our Lives

END OF EPISODE

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